













# Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday, by  
The Maine Farmer Publishing Co.,  
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

JOSEPH H. MANLEY, Director.  
OSCAR HOLWAY, Director.  
JAMES S. SANBORN, Director.  
GEORGE M. TWITCHELL, Director.

JOSEPH H. MANLEY, President.  
GEORGE M. TWITCHELL, Editor and Manager.

THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1900.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.  
\$1.50 AFTER 3 MONTHS.

## THE FAMILY AND HOME NEWSPAPER OF MAINE.

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MAINE'S CALL TO HER SONS AND  
DAUGHTERS.

BY JULIET MARION STANLEY WARREN.

[Dedicated to Old Home Week.]

Ye roving Sons and Daughters of the good,  
old State of Maine,  
From North and South and East and West,  
from hill and grassy plain,  
Where'er your steps have wandered, where-  
"er your feet now roam,  
Your Mother Maine is calling you: "My Chil-  
dren, all come home!"

From Madawaska's northern border to Kit-  
tery's ocean strand;  
From Androscoggin's leaping falls to St.  
Croix's golden sand;  
From Kennebec's fair, emerald banks, the in-  
vitations come:  
Your Mother Maine is calling you: "My Chil-  
dren, all come home!"

The Saco, mountain born, still winds merrily  
towards the sea;  
Penobscot rolls its waters free by hill and  
field and lea;  
The Sandy, with its smiles and frowns, all  
send the message, "Come!"  
Your Mother Maine is calling you: "My Chil-  
dren, all come home!"

From Oxford's hills which rear their heads to  
kiss the healing sky;  
From Mt. Blue's top and Abiram's crest, re-  
sonate the echoes:  
From Mars Hill, Aramoogook, and Katahdin's  
lofty dome,  
Your Mother Maine is calling you: "My Chil-  
dren, all come home!"

From myriad lakes which nestle lie within  
their valleys;  
While on their shores the dark-green pines  
lift up their stately heads;  
From Moosehead, Kineo-shaded, now  
a glint and now a gleam,  
Your Mother Maine is calling you: "My Chil-  
dren, all come home!"

Behag, Rangely, Schoodic, and Penne-  
scot's vale;  
Rove, Coblescoot, Auburn, Long, a  
summons send us all;  
From Grand and Maranoocook, o'er whose  
waves gay sportsmen roam,  
Your Mother Maine is calling you: "My Chil-  
dren, all come home!"

Isle-dotted Casco, in whose arms the "city by  
the sea";  
Lies sleeping like a child lulled by its moth-  
er's melody,  
With beckoning fingers raised aloft, cries,  
"O Sons and Daughters, come!"  
Your Mother Maine is calling you: "My Chil-  
dren, all come home!"

The nimble-footed deer roe free in wood and  
field and glen;  
The trout and pickerel dart and swim far  
from the haunts of men;  
The sea-girls, laden with the waves, come  
Ocean's billows foam,  
Say, "Mother Maine is calling you: "My Chil-  
dren, all come home!"

Come, see the house where you were born;  
The chamber where you slept;  
The mother's room where mother kissed  
away the tears you wept;  
The trees 'neath which you frolicked; come!  
Tread old scenes once more;  
Your Mother Maine is calling you: "My Chil-  
dren, all come home!"

Come, see the schoolhouse where you counted  
your lessons o'er and o'er;  
The church where you learned how to reach  
the shining, heavenly shore;  
The sleeping place where kindred rest, their  
troubles all forgot;  
Your Mother Maine is calling you: "My Chil-  
dren, all come home!"

So loyal Sons and Daughters of the dear, old  
State of Maine,  
Isle, mountain, lake and river, all take up the  
glad refrain:  
From North and South and East and West,  
where'er your feet now roam,  
The Pine Tree State is calling you: "My Chil-  
dren, all come home!"

Portland, Maine, Jan. 25, 1900.

This poem, hitherto withheld from  
publication, is the oldest of the "Old  
Home Week" poems, as it was written the  
next day after the mid-winter meeting of  
the Maine Federation of Women's Clubs,  
held at Westbrook, Jan. 24, at which  
time a committee was appointed to ad-  
vocate the idea of an Old Home Week  
in Maine.

Just now the political stock in trade  
seems to be the reports of said to be  
noted men who have deserted long sus-  
tained principles for new parties. Only  
this and nothing more.

The western half of Maine is calling  
for rain while the eastern wishes for  
a big umbrella with which to shelter the  
crops. An equal distribution is what  
the people are sighing for.

The number of drowning accidents re-  
corded in the papers this summer, most  
of which have the postscript, "didn't  
know how to swim," tempt one to sug-  
gest that swimming should be made part  
of the curriculum of the public schools.

It begins to look as though Eastern  
Maine would object to having the new

insane hospital at Bangor made an an-  
nex to the state institution at Augusta.  
It is claimed that the rivalry of distinct  
official control would be as well for all  
concerned as the general supervision by  
one board of officers.

Perhaps there will not be as many alms  
thrown out against occupying the ham-  
mock *a deus* by moonlight, since this  
pleasant occupation led to the discovery  
of the hen thief at Bowdoin. It is not  
often that duty and pleasure can be com-  
bined in such a timely manner.

To have read the papers one would  
have thought the highways of Maine in  
a most dangerous condition but here  
comes Mr. F. E. Stanley with his loo-  
mobile and testifies to their good condi-  
tion. Maine is not far behind other  
states in good works. What is wanted  
on our highways is the best possible ex-  
penditure of the money appropriated.

The call comes from every quarter,  
and especially the central part of the  
state, for assistance in destroying the  
pea louse which is working sad havoc.  
To shake the vines on several acres is  
quite a task when they stand five to  
seven feet high and very thick and stout,  
and as this does not destroy but only de-  
lays depredations there is little satisfac-  
tion. The cry is for a destroyer.

That President McKinley should be  
selected by the Chinese officials to act as  
mediator with the other powers, is a  
compliment to every American as it  
demonstrates the strength of our govern-  
ment and the wisdom of our general for-  
eign policy. If the other powers agree  
to the selection it will give this nation  
an influence which will be immediately  
felt for peace and protection of life and  
property.

The deer in the Rangeley region are  
eaten up the gardens, and many a poor  
man hardly knows whether it is best to  
stop trying to raise anything, or to shoot  
the deer and go to jail. Our game laws,  
like so many other legal enactments, are  
for the benefit of the rich, while the  
poor man suffers. In time we shall get  
back to the tyranny of the early English  
game laws, when the life of a deer was  
more valuable than that of a man.

That Lewiston clergyman who has  
been keeping bachelor's hall while his  
wife was absent at the seashore, had his  
feelings badly hurt by the burglars who  
ransacked his house last week. After  
all the pains he had been taking with his  
housekeeping, the saucy creatures left  
a note on the pin cushion saying "a very  
carelessly kept room." That was the  
unkindest cut of all, and grieved the  
worthy divine more than the loss of his  
watch.

It looks very much as if Lord Roberts  
would be needed in South Africa for  
some time to come. In fact, under the  
present circumstances it might be quite  
difficult for him to get away unless he  
went by balloon. It was an over-confi-  
dent correspondent who stated the other  
day that "Lord Roberts might be sent at  
once to China if necessary, as his work  
in South Africa was done." Oom Paul  
will keep him out of idleness for a while  
longer, according to present indications.

Portland is figuring on 100,000 people  
Old Home Week. Of course this does  
not mean sons and daughters of Maine  
who come home, but those from sur-  
rounding towns called in to see the cele-  
bration, hear the cannon, watch the fan-  
tasia and visit the squadron. In the  
great majority of towns there will be a  
hearty welcome, a glad hand and a quiet  
chat among old friends. Portland pro-  
poses to furnish the noise and do the  
dress parade act for the entire state and  
the rest seems to be willing it should.

Of the \$1208.39, raised in this country  
for the Boer widows and orphans, all  
but \$32.11 was consumed by the philan-  
thropic Boer commissioners for "ex-  
penses," including wines, cigars, &c.  
The needy in South Africa will doubt-  
less be greatly benefited. This transac-  
tion is recommended for the considera-  
tion of those persons who grumble be-  
cause five cents of each dollar given for  
foreign missions is used in transporting  
the money to its destination. It would  
also suggest a revival of that much  
abused but still valuable maxim, "Char-  
ity begins at home."

War is a great educator, to the aver-  
age citizen. Cuba, Porto Rico, the  
Philippines, were the text books two  
years ago, and we are still reviewing our  
lessons. Then South Africa came into  
prominence, almost an unknown country  
to many of us, and the world's attention  
was turned to that as a study. The  
Boer, his customs, his religion, his en-  
vironment claimed our attention. Now  
the scene shifts to China, and the "yel-  
low peril" fills our field of vision. Some  
times we would gladly remain in igno-  
rance, but civilization, the stern school-  
master, raps us smartly for our lack of  
knowledge, and compels us, whether we  
will or not, to be students of history, the  
history which is being made with such  
startling rapidity.

The innate vandalism of the American  
people is always cropping out in a new  
place, and now it is at Bar Harbor. The  
famous and beautiful Cliff walk at Bar  
Harbor, the only path along the shore,  
which by the courtesy of its wealthy  
owners has been open to the public, may  
soon be closed on account of the con-  
stant abuse of the privilege. It has be-  
come a rendezvous for excursionists,  
who treat it with paper boxes, peanut  
shells, banana peels, and sandal cane,  
and is a lousy place for dirty small  
boys and young rowdies. The owners  
of the property have decided to submit  
the matter to the town authorities. If  
they will employ a satisfactory police  
guard the path will remain open to the  
public, otherwise it will be closed up  
for good. As there has always been a  
patrol along the path and it has proved in-  
capable of correcting any of the abuses,  
the only action is thought to be the close-

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either party. Send in  
your subscriptions.

WILL YOU NOT SHOW  
THIS GRAND OF-  
FER TO YOUR  
FRIENDS?

ing up of the path. A shout of indigna-  
tion will not doubt go up from the public,  
but who is to blame? It is characteris-  
tic of the great American people to  
promptly abuse any privilege which is  
given them.

An excellent move in the interests of  
the suffering animal creation is being  
made by Obed F. Stackpole, State Agent  
for the S. P. C. A. It appears that many  
of the cottagers at Old Orchard have  
been in the habit of bringing cats with  
them when they come for the season, and  
at the close of the summer leaving poor  
pussy to her fate, to die of starvation  
or else out a miserable existence as a  
tramp. This barbarous custom is not  
confined entirely to Old Orchard, we re-  
port to say, nor indeed to any special  
quarter of the state, as those kind-  
hearted persons who have had their sym-  
pathies stirred by the many wretched  
tramp cats wandering about everywhere  
can testify. Mr. Stackpole proposes to  
put a stop to this practice as far as Old  
Orchard is concerned, and has posted  
notices to the effect that all persons  
abandoning their cats at the close of this  
season, will be punished to the extent of  
the law.

An impressive scene occurred at the  
English court on Wednesday of last  
week, when the first Victoria Cross  
given for bravery in the South African  
war was bestowed by the queen. Cap-  
tain Towse earned the distinction by at-  
tempting to carry off Colonel Downman,  
who had been wounded, under a hail of  
bullets. He was unable to do so, but  
lay beside him and kept off the Boers all  
night until help came. By that time  
Colonel Downman was dead and Captain  
Towse was blinded in both eyes by a bul-  
let wound. The brave captain was led  
into the royal presence by his wife, and  
kneelt at the feet of the aged queen, who  
was so much affected at the sight of the  
blind hero that she could hardly pin  
the much prized decoration and mur-  
mur a few words of praise for his gal-  
lant conduct. Even the stoical court  
officials were almost overcome with emo-  
tion at the brave and helpless officer who  
was led away.

### A FEW POINTERS ON THE CHINESE PROBLEM.

Among all the reports, true and false,  
real and imaginary, which fill the daily  
press, regarding the situation in China,  
a few are worthy of more serious con-  
sideration as a help to the understand-  
ing of the present complexity. The re-  
port, persistently circulated from the  
first, that the Empress Dowager has fos-  
tered and encouraged the Boxer massa-  
cres, seems to be reasonably well con-  
firmed by the testimony of those who  
are in a position to know. Travellers in  
China have for some time observed with  
alarm the growing hostility of the anti-  
foreign element always prominent in  
Pekin.

A letter written from Peking in the  
latter half of May, when the Boxer up-  
rising was just beginning, says of the  
Empress Dowager: "The old lady is as  
active as ever, though somewhat checked  
in her campaign against reforms by the  
unexpected strength of the reformers.  
But there is serious trouble afoot, and it  
does not directly emanate from the  
Dowager, there is reason to believe that  
it is secretly encouraged by her. She  
sees it to that there are a sufficient num-  
ber of proclamations against the rioters  
posted in conspicuous places on city  
gates, and then she is credited with  
quietly tipping them the wink to pro-  
ceed. She would like, indeed, to make  
the Boxers a cat's-paw for getting rid of  
the foreigners, or at least a number of  
them. She could nip the whole move-  
ment in the bud with a few vigorous  
measures, for I believe the valor of the  
Boxers to be of that order which does  
not thrive before a determined resistance."

Succeeding events show that the Em-  
press evidently did not "nip the move-  
ment in the bud," and Prince Tuan  
seems inclined to force it into prompt  
blooming. If the support of these two  
powerful individuals could be forcibly  
withdrawn, that might succeed in bring-  
ing about the desired result.  
One of the many rumors in circula-  
tion to the effect that the Middle  
Kingdom, so-called, comprising the cen-  
tral and southern provinces of China,  
intends to form a separate federation,  
and refuse to follow the lead of the  
usurper Prince Tuan. This, if genuine,  
would deserve the support of the Powers,  
for it would mark the establishment of  
a true Chinese government, freed from  
the tyranny of Tartar rule. The fact

should ever be kept in mind that the na-  
tion which we call Chinese is composed  
of two distinct elements, the Chinese  
proper, the original inhabitants of the  
country, and the Tartars, their ancient  
enemies and modern oppressors. The  
Great Wall of China, which every Ce-  
lestial regards with reverence, was origi-  
nally built to keep out the Tartar inva-  
ders. But in spite of determined resis-  
tance, the Chinese were overcome by the  
Manchurian hordes, and a foreign  
dynasty imposed upon them. They were  
also compelled to wear the cue as a sign  
of servitude.

Thirty years ago the so-called Tai-  
Ping rebellion arose, which was a revolt  
against the Tartar rulers. This was put  
down by the government, assisted by  
European powers, especially by England.  
Mr. Bryce, the eminent scholar, has re-  
cently expressed his opinion that Europe  
is now paying the penalty of interfering  
with the natural order of development  
in China which was indicated by this re-  
bellion. In his judgment the revolution  
would have been successful if it had  
been left alone, and a Chinese dynasty  
would have replaced the Manchurian.  
He considers that at the present time  
the only hope for China lies in a similar  
revolution, in which the Chinese nation-  
ality shall be respected and the ancient  
royal dynasty brought to the throne.

The difference between the two races  
is radical, and explains much of the per-  
plexity surrounding the situation. This  
is shown in a striking manner by the  
situation of the two capitals. Nanking,  
the original capital of China, is situated  
on tide water, easily accessible to civiliza-  
tion. Peking, the new capital estab-  
lished by the Tartar conquerors, is on a  
sterile plain, isolated as completely as  
possible from the rest of the world. This  
indicates the character and policy of  
the two nationalities. The Chinese  
favor commerce and intercourse  
with all nations; they are open to pro-  
gress and civilization. The Tartars are  
hostile to all other nations, bigoted,  
prejudiced. The Chinese are honest and  
straightforward. The Tartars deceitful  
and sly. Hence the contradictory re-  
ports which are in circulation in regard  
to the Chinese people.

The Middle Kingdom is the nucleus of  
the empire, and if the Powers can assist  
the Chinese in preserving authority there  
and in throwing off their Tartar oppres-  
sors, it may be the best solution of the  
present problem. As for the other  
provinces, some country will stand ready  
to grab them if there are signs of dislo-  
cation.

This phase of the subject is very  
clearly treated in two books recently  
issued, which, though not prepared with  
any reference to the present crisis, come  
very opportunely from the press. They are  
"Overland to China," by Archibald  
R. Colquhoun, correspondent in China  
for the London Times, and "World Politi-  
cal at the End of the Nineteenth Cen-  
tury," by Professor Reinisch of the Uni-  
versity of Wisconsin. In both these  
books the singular indifference of Eng-  
land to the latter-day tendencies in  
China is ably discussed. England has  
obtained valuable treaty rights and con-  
cessions in China, but has neglected to  
take advantage of them, or to make a  
stand against the constant advance of  
Russia. The Bear has never lost sight  
of the main chance, and is pushing every  
advantage with a shrewd knowledge of  
Oriental diplomacy not possessed by any  
other nation. Russia has gained access  
to Manchuria, and extended her Siberian  
railway into that province, virtually an-  
nexing a large part of Chinese territory;  
and all this has been done without strik-  
ing a blow, and almost without arousing  
the suspicion of any other nation.

Mr. Colquhoun says that the year 1902,  
or 1903 at the latest, will see European  
Russia connected by the iron road with  
Vladivostok and Port Arthur, and the  
New Siberia, which must be held to in-  
clude Manchuria, will be the coming  
country of the 20th century. Russia will  
be enabled to prosecute her plan. Korea  
and northern China will be acquired;  
and gradually, step by step, by means of  
railways (favored always by France in  
the south, and probably covertly, if not  
openly, by Germany in the north), Russia  
will extend her influence southward until  
the Yangtze is reached, and there a con-  
nection made with the sphere of French  
influence.

In view of these encroachments by  
Russia, a firm stand on the part of the  
other Powers should be taken. Prof.  
Reinisch well says: "The energies of all  
nations should be concentrated in the  
Far East, in order that irretrievable dis-  
aster may be prevented—such a disaster  
as would be the abandonment of China  
to any one ambitious power." But none  
of the great nations of Europe or Asia  
are exempt from the suspicion of self-  
interest, and their bickering and jeal-  
ousies have added an unnecessary touch  
of tragedy to the present situation.  
There is only one nation which has no  
selfish motive in the matter, and that is  
the United States; and to this country  
the world is looking in this crisis. We  
have our own interests in the line of  
commerce to protect, our citizens en-  
gaged in trade there, our missionaries car-  
rying the banner of the gospel and of  
civilization; all these must be guarded,  
and encroachments on their rights pun-  
ished. But we, of all nations, have no  
axe to grind. A faint realization of this  
seems to have penetrated the Oriental  
mind, and the request for the mediation  
of the United States, recently proffered  
by China, and accepted by President  
McKinley under certain conditions, is  
the result. The state department has  
been severely criticised for its refusal to  
declare this country at war with China,  
and its present attitude hardly meets with  
the approval of the European powers.

Dinner at 11:30. James A.  
Geifford pres. No. 46 will furnish an ex-  
cellent entertainment in the afternoon.  
Campfire in the evening. One fare on  
the railroad. Any member knowing of  
the death of a comrade since the last  
reunion please send his name with date  
and cause of his death to the secretary  
immediately by postal card. D. W. Bill-  
ings, Sec., Swanville, Maine. T. S.  
Osgood, Pres., Bluehill, Maine.

Augusta's old reliable drug store, opp.  
postoffice, Chas. K. Partridge, proprie-  
tor, is still the place to buy medicines  
and all druggist's goods.

world the principle of equal and impar-  
tial trade with all parts of the Chinese  
empire."  
What will be the next move in the  
game, no one knows. It is like playing  
chess in the dark. It looks as if the old  
Empress Dowager was getting a little  
frightened at the storm she has raised,  
and is trying to get out of it as easily as  
possible. Meanwhile contradictory tele-  
grams keep the civilized world constantly  
on the alert between hope and horror,  
and truly we know not what a day may  
bring forth. If ever wise diplomacy and  
far-seeing statesmanship was needed, it is  
in the present crisis, which lacks no  
element of complication or perplexity  
which the brain of man could conceive.

### THE STATE AUDITOR.

The Farmington Chronicle gets frantic  
because the Farmer dares urge the value  
or economy of a complete system of  
auditing the accounts of the state, and  
very foolishly attempts to bolster itself  
up by very imperfect records.

Because the year book does not give  
the names of the town and city auditors  
save in very few cases, it assumes that  
the towns and cities do not elect and that  
there is no auditing of the accounts of  
more than a fraction of the electmen  
and city officials of Maine. The Farmer  
is not a political paper and may not trim  
its sails as often as the Chronicle, blow-  
ing hot or cold at frequent intervals, but  
when a business-like measure is pre-  
sented by either party, or from any  
source, we propose to give it a boost.  
This question before the voters of Maine  
is not whether we shall create another  
office but whether the accounts of the  
state which aggregate such tremendous  
proportions shall be scrutinized and  
audited by a competent person, as is the  
case with every corporation of any size.  
In making this claim there is no thought  
of criticism against any official but  
against the custom which remains the  
same as when the output of the treasury  
was only a fraction of what it is to-day.  
Those who cry out against "creating an-  
other office" or claim that it is simply  
"making a place for some worn out polit-  
ician," mistake the issue or seek to  
throw dust in the eyes of their hearers  
and readers. The whole question re-  
solves itself into a purely business-like  
proposition, nothing more; nothing  
less. Every state, save three, in the  
Union elects a state auditor, yet the  
Chronicle is certain that it would be a  
bad policy for Maine. What is good  
business elsewhere is good business  
here.

If a state auditor will, by such critical  
examination of all accounts as he may  
give, reduce the expenditures of the  
state more than the cost of his depart-  
ment, there is no question as to the ac-  
tion of the voters. The experience of  
other states is that a great saving is  
made and the public officials there ex-  
press their most pronounced endorse-  
ment of the policy. Two years ago Gov.  
Powers urged the measure, and his in-  
timate knowledge of the situation enabled  
him to speak with authority. Against  
the cry of increase of offices may it not  
be wise to give attention to discrimina-  
ting and insist on lopping off those of  
least value and adding whatever will  
tend to increase the efficiency or promote  
the financial success of the state. The  
Farmer is unreservedly opposed to any  
increase of departments save when  
necessity or economy may prompt the  
step.

We believe it right, just, economical  
and necessary that the state give as close  
a scrutiny of the items of expenditure as  
any corporation in the state, and, as  
these refer all bills and items to a single  
individual, so should the state, that  
economy may prevail and criticism be  
checked. We wait with interest the  
reasons which the Chronicle may give for  
opposing the measure.

### AN INSULT TO EVERY SON OF MAINE.

If, as Old Home Week approaches,  
the Civic League persists in its declared  
policy of closing up hotels and restaur-  
ants in an effort to stop the sale of intoxi-  
cating beverages, the league is under the  
great blinding moral obligation to provide,  
or cause to be provided, places where  
the crowds who will come to Bath Old  
Home Week can be fed. Otherwise the  
league cannot escape the charge of active  
hostility to the interests of the city of  
Bath.

It is a matter of common knowl-  
edge and complaint that Bath at best is  
very inadequately supplied with hotels  
and restaurants, and that with them all  
running the ordinary, every-day number  
of visitors to the city find difficulty in  
getting accommodations. With these  
facts fully understood, the seriousness of  
the campaign begun by the league just  
as the city is planning for the reception  
of thousands of visitors, can be appre-  
ciated.—Bath Times.

It cannot be that the writer of the  
above realized the full import of his  
statements. We deny that the sons and  
daughters of Maine are coming home to  
patronize rum shops, or that these must  
be run in order that they may be fed.  
Maine has never produced that class of  
citizens, and while there is apathy regard-  
ing the traffic in liquor, there is no justice  
in the claim that stopping the sale will  
close the doors of any hotel or restaurant.  
The assumption that the success of Old  
Home Week depends upon the rum shop  
is an insult, whether so intended or not.

The fifteenth annual reunion of the  
Twenty-sixth Maine Regimental Association,  
will be held at Bluehill, Maine, Aug.  
15, 1900. Those wishing entertain-  
ment will please notify T. S. Osgood  
before Aug. 10th. Business meeting in  
Town Hall at 9:30 A. M. Roll call at  
10 at which every comrade should be  
present. Dinner at 11:30. James A.  
Geifford pres. No. 46 will furnish an ex-  
cellent entertainment in the afternoon.  
Campfire in the evening. One fare on  
the railroad. Any member knowing of  
the death of a comrade since the last  
reunion please send his name with date  
and cause of his death to the secretary  
immediately by postal card. D. W. Bill-  
ings, Sec., Swanville, Maine. T. S.  
Osgood, Pres., Bluehill, Maine.

Augusta's old reliable drug store, opp.  
postoffice, Chas. K. Partridge, proprie-  
tor, is still the place to buy medicines  
and all druggist's goods.

### BUFFALO BUGS.

Our correspondent from Bolster's  
Mills on another page, inquires if there  
is any remedy for that modern scourge,  
the buffalo bug. The person who could  
give an infallible method for ridding a  
house of these pests would deserve a  
monument on Boston common, and all  
men (especially all women) would rise  
up and call him blessed. The only com-  
pletely effective way at present known is  
to burn the house to the ground without  
removing any of its contents.

But after several years' struggle with  
these little fiery apple seeds, a struggle  
which has been in a measure crowned  
with success, we venture to make a few  
suggestions. In the conflict with these  
as with other insect pests, "eternal vigi-  
lance is the price of safety." When our  
house was the most seriously infested  
with them, we examined the clothes  
drawers every day, trunks and bureau  
drawers twice a week. A sheet was  
spread on the floor and each garment  
from the clothes-press taken separately  
and shaken over the sheet; the bugs fell  
off easily and were at once killed. Cot-  
ton and silk garments were examined  
as faithfully as woolen. The bugs seem to  
have a special affinity for starched white  
skirts as a dwelling place, although we  
have never found any indication that they  
ate them. In addition to this precaution,  
floors of red flannel were kept on the  
pieces of the clothes press; in these the  
bugs collected and were shaken out and  
killed each day. Dish cloths and pan-  
tries were inspected occasionally; we  
have found the bugs in cups, pitchers  
and other dishes, and among the sil-  
ver.

During the worst of the bug craze, we  
left the tanks up around the edges of the  
carpeted rooms and examined the floor  
beneath once a week or oftener. Ben-  
zine was freely poured around and in the  
cracks in the floor. This is the only  
thing we ever tried which would really  
kill the bugs, except "hand picking." They  
swim happily about in kerosene,  
and appear to enjoy lime, chloride of  
lime, copper water and similar disin-  
fectants, but they curl up in a benzine  
or gasoline bath. A friend had good suc-  
cess with oil of cedar and turpentine,  
but her house was almost uninhabitable  
for days. Fumigating with burning sul-  
phur or formaldehyde would doubtless  
be effective, but not always practicable.  
Do you say "this is a great deal of  
work"? We surely found it so, but per-  
sisted in it for two or three summers;—  
our house not being furnace-heated, the  
bugs ceased their ravages in winter.  
Now we are rewarded by almost com-  
plete immunity from the pest, while one  
of our neighbors was heard to say last  
week that she "swept up a quarter cup-  
ful of buffalo bugs in her clothes press."   
Fight them day in and day out; take up  
your carpets and send them to a steam  
carpet cleaner if possible; throw away  
all the "old duds," barrels of carpet  
rag, old unused stuffed furniture, dis-  
carded hair mattresses or feather cush-  
ions, anything that will serve as a breed-  
ing place. Open the blinds and let in  
the sun, and hang your best clothing in  
a light place; the buffalo bug loves dark-  
ness, because truly his deeds are evil.  
And first, last, and all the time kill,  
KILL, KILL!

For the Maine Farmer.

### SHALL WE HAVE AN AUDITOR?

Mr. Editor: I am unable to agree with  
you in the matter of a state auditor. I  
am not aware of any statute that re-  
quires towns to choose an auditor, much  
less prescribes his duties. Some years  
ago this town under such law as we have  
upon the subject chose an auditor, but  
he did nothing and could do nothing;  
that is, could not determine anything.  
Since that time and every year we have  
an article in the warrant for the annual  
meeting "To choose an auditor" and  
every year it is just as regularly passed  
over, and I think such is the present  
practice. The only excuse the general  
Governor's Council has for existing is  
that it is the state's auditing board.

I am not unaware of the general com-  
plaint that they do not properly perform  
their duties. But this does not come  
"from lack of time." They have entirely  
time enough and are authorized to take  
time enough to properly do this busi-  
ness. But it comes from a lack of back-  
bone. Now what assurance have we  
that we shall gain anything in that line  
from an auditor? What assurance have  
we that the spinal column of one man  
shall prove any more rigid and safe than  
that of seven men? Besides this is not a  
proposition to abolish the Council and in  
lieu thereof choose an auditor. If it was  
I should vote to try the experiment.  
But this is simply a proposition to create  
a new office and add it to the number al-  
ready too large.

Whether this is the purpose and animus  
of the thing or not it is not necessary  
now to discuss. We have already far  
too many office holders and the number  
should be diminished instead of being in-  
creased, and still not a legislature passes  
that does not add to the number and in-  
crease the salaries of those already in  
office. It is time to call a halt in this matter.  
Offices once established are seldom if  
ever abolished, hence the greater care in  
establishing them. Suppose this new  
office should be established and this busi-  
ness be taken away from the Council so  
that thereafter it would then really have  
nothing to do and then a proposition be



## City News.

## "A Gentle Wind of Western Birth"

Tells no sweeter story to humanity than the announcement that the health-giver and health-bringer, Hood's Sarsaparilla, tells of the birth of an era of good health. It is the one reliable specific for the cure of all blood, stomach and liver troubles.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Never Disappoints

**AUGUSTA TROTTER PARK, SATURDAY NEXT, JULY 28.**  
Great After-Haying Holiday.

Ladies and Carriages Admitted FREE.  
This will be a great day in Augusta. A grand race at the park in the afternoon and if you want to take in the dog and pony show, you can go in the evening.

2.30 Class, (large field of horses) \$150  
2.30 Class, (good racing stock here) 125  
2.30 Class, (some good green ones) 100  
**AUGUSTA BAND TO FURNISH MUSIC.**  
TRACK TO BE NICELY SPRINKLED.  
EVERYTHING DONE FOR YOUR COMFORT.  
Don't Stay Away!

**LEE & LISHNESS.**  
EVERY YOUNG MAN OR WOMAN who wishes to become an expert accountant or competent stenographer should take a course of study at the

**KENT'S HILL BUSINESS COLLEGE.**  
Kent's Hill, Me., which is a practical, progressive, and up-to-date business school, where the equipment is complete, methods practical, and instruction thorough. The student is taught how actual business is done by doing actual business. Five instructors and lecturers. Board and tuition very low. For catalogue or any further information write to HENRY E. TAPSCOTT, A. M., President, or E. E. PEACOCK, Principal.

**CRESCENT, ORIENT AND STERLING BICYCLES**  
AT ALL PRICES  
Sherwin-Williams Mixed Paints,  
OILS AND VARNISHES  
Send for color card. C. C. & S.

**Hardware, Plumbing and Piping.**  
**TABER, CAREY & REID,**  
AUGUSTA, MAINE.  
**MACHINE OIL.**  
**PARIS GREEN,**  
**WHITE HELLBORE,**  
**INSECT POWDER.**  
Farmers should try my mixture. It will keep the flies off your cattle.

**C. B. MURPHY, Druggist,**  
157 WATER ST., AUGUSTA, ME.  
**TRUSSES** Best varieties and skill in fitting. Suspenders, corsets, etc. Made to order. Best quality. Best prices. **CHAS. K. PARKER**, 101 Water St., Augusta, Me.

**Homes for the Summer**  
A FEW BOARDERS desired for the season. Quiet, comfortable, fine location near shore; pleasant drives. Mrs. DUDLEY L. SUMNER, 437

**FARMERS' COVERAGE.** East Poland, Maine. One mile from station. High elevation. Pleasant drives, fine fishing. Terms \$5 per week. **FRED D. PATTERSON**, 34

**A FINE SUMMER RESIDENCE.** Desirable, good location, large house and pleasant rooms. Write for terms. Address, **ROBERT W. WATSON**, 34

**SHADELAND FARM, Rockport, Maine.** Pleasantly situated on high hill overlooking the ocean. Pleasant drives, good roads, fine fishing. Terms \$5 per week. **FRED D. PATTERSON**, 34

**FEW BOARDERS DESIRED** on farm, high elevation, good fishing; station 3 miles. Pleasant drives, fine fishing. Terms \$5 per week. **V. H. KEATON**, 34

**FALL BROOK FARM, Bingham, Me.** 6 miles from railroad station; good fishing and fine view of ocean. In private family. A. R. STONE, P. O. Box 32, Bingham, Me.

**GOLD'S FARM, North Bridgton, Me.** Quiet, comfortable, fine location near shore; pleasant drives. Mrs. DUDLEY L. SUMNER, 437

**LAKEVIEW FARM, Winthrop, Maine.** 3 miles from station. High elevation. Pleasant drives, fine fishing. Terms \$5 per week. **FRED D. PATTERSON**, 34

**ELMWOOD FARM, Cornish, Maine.** High elevation, good fishing; station 3 miles. Pleasant drives, fine fishing. Terms \$5 per week. **V. H. KEATON**, 34

**FARM NEAR WELLS BEACH.** Fine location; full view of ocean; 1 mile from railroad station; Box 48, Wells, Maine. 32

**1 CENT A WORD.**  
Under this heading small, unadorned advertisements, such as "Wanted," "For Sale," "Lost," etc., will be inserted for one cent each word. The address will be charged as part of the advertisement, and each initial name and combination of figures count as a word.

**FOR SALE.** Stylish, good looking horse; large, quiet, well broken. **W. B. YALOW**, 2338

**FOR MORE FRUIT.** Strawberries, Raspberries, Currants and Blackberries plants for sale. Quantity. Prices reasonable. **R. L. LEBLANC**, Newport, Me.

**WE HAVE** a few April lambs out of register and prize winners. Also a few registered Dorset rams. Price, \$1.00 each. **MAYBROOK STOCK FARM**, Albany, N. Y.

## State News.

Rain is reported in Aroostook county as seriously delaying haying and the cultivation of the potato fields.

A baby "hunchback" whale weighing 730 pounds was caught in a sturgeon net at Bath, Friday night, 12 miles from the ocean.

George E. Snow of Mercer, a veteran of the Civil War, was killed by his horse while raking hay Saturday, breaking his leg.

Chas. Smith of Ellsworth fell from a scaffold at Labrador Farm, Friday, where he was engaged in haying, and broke three ribs.

The residence of Ed Consens in Kennebunk, was totally destroyed by fire, Thursday morning, with all its contents. Insured for \$1,250, which will not cover the loss.

Herbert Robinson of North Cushing, a carpenter employed at the Dunn & Elliott shipyard in Thomaston, was badly injured last week by falling 50 feet from a mast.

Leater Barrows of Hermon, being short of ready cash, took from the pasture a pet lamb belonging to the little daughter of L. P. Patten, a neighbor, and sold it to a butcher. A warrant was issued for Barrows' arrest.

Last week the Rev. Frank Sandford and seven of the faithful left for Winnipeg, Manitoba, where he thinks he is called to do a special work. His departure caused no special sensation among his followers.

The ice house in Bath, owned by Herbert E. Goddard, was burned Sunday afternoon. It contained about 600 tons of ice, which was much injured by the heat. Loss about \$1,800. Cause probably incendiary.

Howard Burnham, aged 26 years, of Damariscotta, was found unconscious Friday evening on an ice cart which he was driving. He was taken home and died within a few hours. He leaves a wife and one child.

The annual reunion of the survivors of the 10th Maine Volunteers, will be held Aug. 8 and 9, at Windmere Park, Unity.

The Waldo Veterans' Association has tendered the free use of its reunion building for the occasion.

The farm buildings of Wm. Raynes, near Detroit village, were entirely destroyed by fire, Thursday evening. Loss \$2,000; fully insured. The cause of the fire is a mystery, as no one had been living there for some time.

Mrs. Minnie Gerrieh of Abbot, 29 years old, committed suicide, last week, by taking Paris green, being completely discouraged by hard work and poor health. She leaves a husband and five children, the oldest only 10 years old.

The dates for the State Muster at Augusta have been fixed for August 11-24. Col. Lucius H. Kendall, First Infantry, will have command of the camp from Aug. 11-17, and Col. Evarard E. Newcomb, Second Infantry, will have command from Aug. 18-24.

Mrs. Kate Warren of Spencer, Mass., who is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eben Haggatt, at Newcastle, was taken insane last week, and made two attempts at suicide, the first by drowning, the second by choking herself with a rope. Her condition is critical.

James O'Donnell, 11 years old, of Portland, was drowned in Back Bay, Friday afternoon. With another boy he was paddling around on a raft, when it was overturned. The other boy swam ashore, but O'Donnell could not swim, and sank before assistance arrived.

While Frank Hall of Appleton, Maine, was riding his moving machine one day last week, the spring of the seat broke, letting him to the ground. The horse backed, then drew the machine the second time over his body. It is feared he may be injured internally.

Mrs. Thomas Stevens of Bath, met with quite a serious accident, Thursday afternoon. She started to walk across the stable floor, upon which a carriage had been recently washed. The planks were wet and she slipped, falling heavily to the floor, fracturing her hip.

A young child of Ed. Coffin, who lives on the Mapleton road, Presque Isle, while playing in the barn, one day last week, fell from a beam nineteen feet, striking her head upon a corner of a box, rendering her unconscious and fracturing the skull at the base of the brain.

Ernest Mellen of Lincolnville and Ethel R. Dodge, aged 30 and 14 years respectively, were united in marriage by Frederick A. Dickey at the bride's home in Northport Saturday. The young lady is a cripple from rheumatism and was unable to stand during the ceremony.

HALLDALE. Mr. James Clement of Lowell, Mass., is visiting relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Foster and Mrs. C. A. Foster of Lowell, Mass., are visiting at B. F. Foster's—Miss Flora Crockett, who has been visiting at B. F. Foster's, returned to Lowell, Mass., Friday.

A fire broke out, Thursday night, in the Waverly House, Bangor, the whole top floor being a raging furnace when it was discovered. Before it could be subdued, the upper part of the house was entirely destroyed and the rest thoroughly soaked with water. Some of the boarders got out with difficulty.

Isadore Segal, 3 years old, son of Simon Segal of Boston, fell into a well at Peaks Island, Saturday evening. The child was walking with his mother, and, lifting the cover of an unused well, lost his balance and fell in. Officer James Mullen lowered himself into the well by aid of the pump post and rescued the child. The water was about 16 feet deep.

At 1.30 Thursday morning, the lifeless body of Wilton L. Shaw, of the firm of W. L. Shaw & Son, horse and hay buyers, Burnham, was found beside the C. R. R. track near the station at that place. Death probably occurred from apoplexy. Mr. Shaw was town treasurer of Burnham, and a man who enjoyed the respect and confidence of all. He is survived by a wife and one son, the junior partner in the firm.

The farmers in East Orrington have been suffering from a serious mortality

in their hencoops recently. The hens were not stolen, but were found lying dead under the roosts. This was decided to be the work of a raccoon, and the discovery of the animal in Emory Lufkin's hencoop rather confirmed this belief. The wily coon escaped, but was later killed by a steel trap, and its pelt now adorns the henhouse door. The animal weighed nearly 30 pounds.

One of the boldest and most sensational crimes committed in Portland for recent years occurred Monday evening shortly after 9 o'clock on Portland bridge when Joseph Boulet of Worcester, Mass., was attacked by three foot-pads and after being robbed was thrown over the railing into the harbor. He escaped by climbing one of the timbers and being helped on to the bridge.

Fred T. Hill of East Corinth, went fishing in a sailboat on Little Pushaw lake, Thursday, taking with him his wife and two little children and his wife's mother. The boat capsized, throwing them all into the water. Charles Miller of Corinth, who was fishing near by, went to their rescue and got them all into his boat, but the baby, 18 months old, was dead. All the party were badly scratched and bruised.

The body of Fred Lord, aged 24 years, was found in the woods, three miles from Old Field, South Berwick, Saturday, by children, who were playing there. The authorities were notified and Coroner F. C. Ham, who was at York beach, was summoned to view the remains. The man apparently had been dead about three days. The authorities do not know what caused death and an investigation is in progress.

—Jesse Marshall of Calais, was drowned in the river off Robinsons Fridays evening. He was accompanied by his uncle, Alfred Thompson. A weir stake punched a hole through the bottom of their little boat, which at once filled. Marshall started to swim for the shore some distance away and though he was considered a strong swimmer he was eventually exhausted by the exertion and sank before reaching it. Mr. Thompson clung to the boat and was rescued by people on land.

Three fine looking young men in yachting costume, are under arrest in Lewiston, for burglary. They came to the city several days ago and registered at the Exchange hotel. About 5 o'clock on July 19, the houses of Prof. Anthony, C. H. Peterson and A. M. Jones were broken into by the three men and ransacked from top to bottom, only money and jewelry being taken. Prof. Anthony is in Europe, but the owners of the other houses were only out temporarily. The burglars became alarmed before they had finished the job and fled, throwing away their booty as they ran, but were soon captured.

EUSTIS. Very poor weather thus far, but as the grass is a week or more later than usual, what is standing has not as yet depreciated in value. The present outlook for blueberries appears as if they would be scarce and late, only now and then a ripe one as yet.—Mr. George Tonguey had the misfortune to lose one of his work horses in a rather singular manner a few days ago. They were harnessed to a moving machine on descending ground and as Mr. Tonguey took his seat on the machine, the pole slipped through the ring, letting the cutter bar come against one of the horses' outers and he was killed.

The farmers of Bowdoin have been losing a good many hens lately, but their trials have finally been captured and their troubles are at an end. Fred Cornish of Bowdoin was occupying the hammock late one evening last week, when he heard a disturbance in the henry. Satisfied that there was some one in the building, he waited at the door, and at last Charles Ward of Pittston emerged with a bag containing 10 fowls. He was promptly collared by Cornish, and the next day pleaded guilty before the justice and was sent to jail at Augusta. In his wagon near the henry was found another bag containing 15 hens which he had stolen somewhere else.

Hon. Bartlett Tripp of Yankton, S. D., formerly United States minister to Austria-Hungary, and ex-chief justice of Dakota, and a member of the international joint commission to settle the difficult question which arose in Samoa last year, arrived in Bangor, Friday afternoon. On Saturday morning Judge Tripp was tendered an informal reception at the local custom house, which was attended, on invitation, by many of the prominent men in business and politics in the city. Judge Tripp's visit to Maine is solely to meet the old friends and acquaintances whom he knew here in his early days, and is entirely devoid of all political significance. He will remain in the state until after Old Home Week.

Robert A. Williams, the veteran car checker of the B. & M. road in Portland, was killed Tuesday morning while engaged in the performance of his duties. He was at the crossing on Commercial street, just at the foot of Brackett street and was signalling a shifting locomotive which was making up a freight train. He was at the crossing for an unusually long time and the engineer of the locomotive suspecting something wrong, stopped the engine to investigate. A horrible sight met his gaze. Mr. Williams had been fearfully mangled and his life was extinct. He was a man about 60 years old, and had been in the employ of the company for many years.

CAPE ELIZABETH. Hay crop in good condition; 25 per cent. less than last year; scarcely any old hay on hand. Loose hay brings \$20 per ton in Portland. Cultivated crop looks slim. Peas badly affected with loose elm. Peas badly affected with loose elm. Peas badly affected with loose elm.

A fierce forest fire was raging on Cape Cod last week, and at least 25 square miles were burned over. Many towns and villages were threatened, and large gangs of men who were fighting the fire were surrounded and barely escaped with their lives.

The President has appointed Brigadier General A. R. Chaffee, who is to command the American forces in China, a Major General, that his rank may be suited to his command. He is considered by military men to be one of the best equipped soldiers in the service.

BETHEL. The Universalist Society will hold its annual fair July 24 and 25. It will open with a farce, followed by a programme of the popular songs of the day, to be given in Odeon Hall, Tuesday evening, July 24. On Wednesday, at the Universalist chapel, at 2 P. M., will be held the sale of useful and fancy articles. Ice cream and cake will be on sale and supper will be served from 6 to 8.—J. A. Thurston, whose farm buildings in Mayville were struck by lightning and burned early in the summer, has his new barn nearly completed and ready for his hay. In the case of most apple growers in this section, an average-sized crop will be harvested, though there is some complaint that many apples have fallen from the trees.—A. Van Dan Kerchoven, who is engaged in the poultry business on the Lyon farm, which he purchased not long since, has already a large number of fowl and chicks, among which will be found Plymouth Rocks, Buff Cochins, White Wyandottes and quite a number of ducks.

The buildings of the boarding school for boys at Little Blue, Farmington, were totally destroyed by fire Saturday afternoon, causing a loss of \$15,000 to \$20,000. The fire started in a clothes closet and in less than ten minutes it was impossible to enter the upper stories of the house. Every effort to check the progress of the flames was without success, and only a part of the furniture and the library were saved. A summer school was in session attended by 160 boys. The principal, Mr. Abbott, and his brother, were in the woods nearby and the other members of the family were in the rear part of the house. All escaped uninjured, but were unable to save any of their clothes. The school was founded in 1844 by Rev. Samuel Abbott. It was the former home of Jacob S. C. Abbott, the famous author, who wrote most of his "Reddy" books here. Many old and costly shrubbery were ruined by the flames. The buildings will be replaced in time for the fall session of the school.

BRIDGTON. There have been several heavy showers of late in this section. One bolt struck the house of Melville C. Stone, and did some damage in five rooms.—The hay crop is fairly good; also other crops in town.—Fred Kneeland has entered the legal firm of A. H. & E. C. Walker, of this village. He is a graduate of Bowdoin college and is one of our most enterprising young men.—Astley Burnham has over forty city boarders.—Ella Bryant, Bertha Jacobs and Mrs. Irving Hubbard are working at A. Burnham's.—Ed Thompson and family are living with his father, Nathaniel Thompson. Susie—Jewett is assisting her aunt in her housework this summer, at Fryburg.—Mrs. Smith's house has been improved by improvements on his buildings of late. He has built a new barn, turned the old of his house around, and added a fine piazza, sheathed it, also the old inside.—John A. Smith has finished buying for Marshall Stone and has hired out there for some time longer.—Lizzie Hilton is doing table work in a hotel in Biddeford.—Mrs. Lott Smith is doing the housework for Melville Stone.—Frank Brown has bought a horse of John A. Smith.

BRUNSWICK. Norton Hatch, who fractured his spine while bathing, was taken to the hospital in Portland, Monday, for a surgical operation, which was performed in the afternoon, but he died in the evening. His mother was killed in a railroad accident a few years since.—Seven regiments of the Maine veterans of the Civil War have made arrangements for meeting at Merryweather Park this summer.—Died, in this town, Mrs. Nickerson, wife of Amos L. Nickerson, aged 52 years. She leaves a husband and two sons.—The severe drought still continues, and our pastures, fields and field crops are suffering badly.—Old Home Week stickers for letters and newspapers are in circulation here and are freely used.—From six to eight car loads of people from Brunswick and Bowdoin visited the theatre at Merryweather Park afternoons and evenings.—Brunswick, noted for its good roads and wide streets, has much improved both this season, under the supervision of Road Commissioner Combs. Most of Main street has been covered with crushed rock, which makes a fine, dry, and hard road bed.

## General News.

Snow fell at Marshall, Mich., Friday evening, during a severe wind storm.

Keene, N. H., was visited by a \$10,000 fire Saturday morning, destroying a barn and storehouse of the Cheshire Chair Co.

Lyman C. Albee, a well-known citizen of Fitchburg, Mass., died last week of glanders, contracted while caring for a horse. His son is now ill with the same disease.

A steamer collision occurred near Belfast, Ireland, in which five passengers were killed and 50 or more seriously injured. There were 600 passengers on board the two ships, and it is thought that some are missing.

An advance in the price of tea, owing to the Chinese difficulties, is already felt in the wholesale market. Sir Thomas Lipton's manager says that the dealers in tea anticipate a long war, and are adjusting the market accordingly.

The M. C. R. R. passenger and freight stations at Red Stone, N. H., and the general store owned by the Maine and N. H. Granite Co. were burned Sunday afternoon. Loss \$30,000. The cause of the fire is supposed to be incendiary.

Medley Batson, a rum seller at Eriks Bay, Campobello island, N. B., was badly stabbed on Sunday evening by Charles Moore, a resident of Lubec, Maine. The weapon used was a large jackknife, and five serious wounds were inflicted.

Charles B. Cross, the 18-year-old boy murderer, was executed at the state prison, Wethersfield, Conn., just after midnight Friday morning. His crime was the murder of his employer's wife in a peculiarly cold-blooded and atrocious way.

A fierce forest fire was raging on Cape Cod last week, and at least 25 square miles were burned over. Many towns and villages were threatened, and large gangs of men who were fighting the fire were surrounded and barely escaped with their lives.

The President has appointed Brigadier General A. R. Chaffee, who is to command the American forces in China, a Major General, that his rank may be suited to his command. He is considered by military men to be one of the best equipped soldiers in the service.

The Blue and Gray reunion in Atlanta closed Friday afternoon with a genuine Georgia barbecue. Speeches were made by Gen. Albert D. Shaw, Gen. John B. Gordon, Gov. James A. Mount of Indiana, Hon. W. C. P. Breckenridge, Gen. J. C. Breckenridge, Inspector Gen. U. S. A., Gen. A. P. Stewart of Chattanooga and Gen. O. O. Howard.

There were two smash-ups on the Boston and Maine Thursday night, neither resulting in any loss of life, but considerable damage to property. The first was caused by a freight train going off the track at Conway Junction, and the second a head-on collision between two freight trains near Durham. Travel was somewhat blocked for a time.

A farmer named Crowther in Methuen, Mass., refused to give a drink of cider to a young man who called at his house and asked for it. The fellow walked away saying "you'll be sorry for this." A few minutes later Mr. Crowther's barn was in flames, and a horse, cow, 4 pigs and 100 hens perished. Loss \$2500. The police are investigating.

The death rate in large cities from the heat of last week was almost unprecedented. New York reports more than 70, 40 of whom were infants or small children. 40 or more heat prostrations occurred in Boston, several of whom have died. 2 deaths at Holyoke, Mass., 2 at Lowell, and 1 at Newton, besides a number of cases of prostration were reported.

Since Saturday night there have been 13 breaks in Lynn, Mass., all but one evidently work of boys and the police have reason to believe that there is in existence in the city an organized band of boy store-breakers who are guided in their crimes by a professional criminal. The entire amount secured in the robberies, mostly in stores and factories, does not exceed \$300.

Near the Confederate Soldiers' Home at the Hermitage, Nashville, Tenn., Alex. Donelson, one of the best-known men in Davidson county, was assassinated by some unknown party. Donelson was en route home and was going through a lane when he was shot and killed. Persons at the Soldiers' Home heard the shots and going to the lane found Donelson's dead body.

As the result of an accident which occurred at the Pennsylvania railroad station in Johnstown, Pa., Wednesday morning, when a freight train plunged into a crowd of 2700 people trying to board an excursion train, bound for Altoona, five persons were injured, two of whom are dead, and the life of a third and fourth is hanging in the balance, while the fifth is but slightly hurt.

A fire in Wakefield, Mass., on Saturday forenoon caused a loss of \$100,000. The Rink building, occupied by the Wakefield Reed Chair Co. and Wright & Ditson, dealers in sporting goods, for the manufacture of lawn tennis materials, was entirely destroyed, also a wood working shop, livery stable and several dwelling houses. The Universalist church was considerably damaged.

In a dense fog Saturday morning the Cunard line steamer Campania, New York to Liverpool, struck the bark Emblem, Liverpool to New Zealand, cutting it in twain. The Emblem sank at once. Seven of her crew were rescued, but it is thought that the other eleven, including the captain, were drowned. The Campania had her bow stove in, but arrived safely at Liverpool 5 1/2 hours later.

Geo. H. Whidden, a teamster, is under arrest on the charge of murdering Mrs. Ellen Burt with a butcher knife at her boarding house on Harrison Ave. Boston, Thursday evening. When the police arrived, the rooms were smeared with blood and gave evidence of a terrible struggle. Whidden admits that there was a quarrel, but denies the murder, saying that the woman cut herself. It was a brutal affair.

A number of outrages have been recently committed upon the Chinese residents of Rock Springs, a mining town of Wyoming. The state authorities, fearing a general movement against the Chinamen, have ordered several companies of troops to be in readiness to proceed to the scene at once, and martial law will be proclaimed. A Chinese massacre occurred at Rock Springs several years ago.

The department at Washington has decided to send a special commissioner to China to investigate the situation and obtain if possible some definite reports for the government. The man chosen is W. W. Rockhill, who has been secretary of the legation at Peking, assistant secretary of state, and is at present chief of the bureau of American republics. He will have all the power of an ambassador, his functions being akin to those of Mr. Blount, the commissioner sent to Hawaii by President Cleveland.

The navy department has received a dispatch from Capt. Wilde of the Oregon announcing her safe arrival at Kure where she is to be docked and repaired. He suggests that temporary repairs may be made and the Oregon go back to her duty at Taku. Secretary Long at once replied as follows: "Universal rejoicing over safety of Oregon. She is the Constitution of this generation. If safety of Oregon permits patch and go to Taku. I commend your preference for service there."

Prof. J. M. Menck, a scientist and mining engineer, member of the Smithsonian institute at Washington, met with a sad death recently. A party of four were exploring the Utah deserts in search of the famous lost copper mine. The professor left the rest of the party to go on a short prospecting trip alone. He did not return, and the others searched for him four days, finally being obliged to give up on account of lack of supplies. Prof. Menck no doubt perished in the desert.

Two explosions, which damaged Transit company cars, and one disturbance, in which a woman was wounded by a stray bullet, occurred early Sunday morning. A car on the Southwestern division was blown up on South Seventh street and one foot of the rail was destroyed. On the Broadway line a car was blown up on South Broadway, and the front trucks were demolished. Mrs. Annie Kollmeier was struck by a bullet during a bombard-

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CLOSE-WOVEN HAMMOCKS, 50 cts. and \$1.25.  
HARDWOOD LAWN SWINGS, for four people, \$5.50.  
CROQUET SETS, 8-ball, hardwood sets, 98 cts.  
BLUE FLAME OIL STOVES, for coal cooking; send for catalogue.  
UNFRAMED PLATINUM PICTURES, mounted on gray mats; choice subjects, suitable for framing, 15 and 25 cts.  
STRAW MATTING, new goods, 12 1-2 cts. per yard. Send for samples.  
AFTERNOON TEA KETTLES, brass, with lamp and stand complete, for 49 cts.  
DRAPERY AND UPHOLSTERY GOODS by the yard. Send for free samples, stating kinds wished and approximate price.

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PORTLAND, MAINE.

**A Health Argument**  
Probably you have tried twenty remedies, and are still no better. Lots of so-called cures are born and die every year. Ours has been in use over 40 years, and is constantly on the gain. You see the point, it cures. The True "L. F." ATWOOD'S BILIOUS BITTERS.

## Reliable Business Firms

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COUNSELLORS-AT-LAW, Collections made, Real Estate, Office over Granite Bank, Augusta, Maine.

**WONDER AIR-TIGHT STOVE.**  
GUARANTEED TO RUN 48 HOURS. CAREY & REID, Plumber, Steam Fitters and Hardware, PAINTS AND OILS.

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I WILL SHOW the largest and choicest line of Ladies' and Misses' CLOAKS, FURS, CAPES and FUR TRIMMINGS to be found in the city.

**E. E. DAVIS & CO.**  
Under City House, Augusta. Large stock of Summer Clothing, Straw Hats, etc. Nice thin underwear, 25 and 35c. Six pairs fine black hose, 65c.

ment of a Chouteau avenue car, sustaining a slight flesh wound.

What promised to be one of the greatest battles of the South African war was reported in progress Saturday. Lord Roberts had attacked Middleburg in force, and was stoutly resisted by the Boers. President Kruger was personally directing the defence. A telegram from Cape Town dated July 23 states that Gen. De Wet has again succeeded in cutting Lord Roberts' communications with Pretoria both by railway and telegraph, and had captured 100 Highlanders and a supply train.

Joseph Mullen of New York City was electrocuted at Sing Sing Monday morning. His crime was the murder of his wife on June 4, 1898. The district attorney at the time of his trial, tried to persuade him to plead guilty to manslaughter in the second degree, which would have given him a 5 years sentence. But he defiantly refused, declaring that he could not be convicted on any charge. Evidence for his conviction on the charge of murder was at that time lacking, but was discovered later. He really lost his life by his own stubbornness.

The following message was given out by the state department on Friday: On the 11th of this month, the state department communicated a brief message asking tidings of Minister Conger in the state code. Minister Wu undertook to get this into Minister Conger's hands, if he were alive. He has succeeded in doing this. This morning, the state department received a telegram from Consul General Goodnow at Shanghai, saying: "The governor of Shun Tung informs me that he has received, to-day, a cipher message from Conger on the 18th. A few minutes later, Minister Wu appeared at the state department with a telegram from Tsoai Shang, dated July 20th, which has been received by Minister Wu, at 8.30 o'clock this morning, reading as follows: 'Your telegram was forwarded and as requested I send reply from the Tung Li Yamen as follows: 'Your telegram of the 15th day of this month (11th July) received. The state department's telegram has been handed to Minister Conger. Heretofore is Minister Conger's reply to the state department.' This reply was in the state department cipher and it is regarded by the state department as genuine, as forgeries cannot be made at that time lacking, but was discovered later. He really lost his life by his own stubbornness.

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# LOVE FINDS A WAY.

By JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

Copyright, 1900, by Jeannette H. Walworth.

He should have liked very much indeed to have been pinched the youngsters for speaking of Miss Matthews as "a dear little thing," but, that being manifestly impracticable, he compromised on a snubbing silence which lasted until he came under the mellowing influence of a first rate cigar. Tom's satisfaction over the outcome of the fete flowed on wordily.

"Yes," said his guardian finally, with the blaze of a gas lamp sufficing for home, "it went off very well, nicely enough. I am glad, however, that it is over. I found it both troublesome and expensive. Olivia must feel pretty well fagged by it all."

Tom smiled at the recollection of her sweet drooping lids and her candid yawns, revealing rows of white teeth. "I fancy she will sleep without rocking tonight—toward, rather. How pretty she looked in spite of all she had gone through! She has grown into a lovely young woman while I have been grubbing at my Greek and Latin grammars. Why, it seems to me only yesterday that I left her a little rump, trundling her hoop and playing with her dolls. The fellows will soon be here."

Mr. Matthews clipped this sentence in two with sharp penitence. "Not at all, not at all, Thomas. I shall listen to nothing of that sort, sir, for a great many years to come. It is an absurd idea, and as such I resent it, sir—yes, resent it!"

Tom stared at him in natural surprise. Such an admonition outburst from a man whom he had never seen moved out of the most urbane composure lacked logic.

"I fail to see anything in my remarks to call forth resentment, sir," he said, with lifted head.

Matthews changed the subject abruptly.

"Your judgment in the matter of elegant Thomas, defies criticism. This is superfluous."

He took the cigar from between his lips, gazed reflectively at its cohesiveness, white ash, flicked it free with his finger and gazed meditatively at the ceiling.

Tom gave a thoughtful twist to the soft brown fringe that clothed his upper lip with precision and changed the position of his long legs restlessly.

Was this premature display of parental hostility meant for his especial benefit? He smiled at the futility of it. Did this glare of a papa think he could give the world one glimpse of his radiant child and then shut her up in his own ravished heart forever? He frowned at the daring of it.

A vision of the future was already shining itself in the boy's active brain, a vision which comported so perfectly with what he called "the common sense of the situation" that this valiant show of opposition on the part of the man he had selected as a father-in-law had the effect of a slap on his cheek. Tom was not yet schooled in the wisdom of cheek turning. He would bide his time, he said to himself, but he would not be deterred from asking Olivia Matthews to marry him, when that time came, by all the fathers in the universe. Common sense dictated waiting, and Tom never turned a deaf ear to common sense.

His vision had come to him unbidden, but now that it had come he hugged it close with defiant tightness. The frowning front his guardian showed could not affect it in the least.

It had come to him first in the little pavilion under the eucalyptus, where he had made one of four happy young things who ate ices, wasted cake and talked the most delicious nonsense with an abiding conviction of profundity. It was there and then that he had drunk in Olivia's loveliness from the crown of her pretty head to the dimpling sweetness of her mouth, with its ready smiles.

Olivia had been one of the four, the chiefest, the only one of the slightest importance. A Miss Westover (Jeanne), he believed Olivia had called her and a Mr. Westover (Clarence), he believed his sister had called him made up the quartet.

The Westovers were of no more value to Tom's vision than the dunes of green and brown paint the artist dinged in for a background to his portrait of a lady.

It was the portrait of his lady, the daintiest, sweetest bit of womanhood that artist ever limned or lover mooned over, that filled in all the foreground of Tom's vision—no nebulous fancy-ings, with neither beginning nor end, sense nor substance; a vision quite perfect in all its essential roundings, a vision which cast a rosy glow over all the veiled "to come" and made him feel as if he had been taking great drafts of some new, strange intoxicant. It was the probable made positive, the fitting final. But he would wait.

When he got through with books and college and came home to study law under his guardian, it would be time to look at his lovely vision in detail. No danger of its fading from memory. He was placidly sure he should never see anything prettier, sweeter or more entirely to his desire than Olivia Matthews. She was the cornerstone of his vision. He did not propose to be in any clumsy haste about asking her to be his wife. She was too young, and so was he. He was glad his youth was the most serious impediment. Some fellows had to labor to hard before daring to speak of love to their chosen ones. For the first time in his life he rejoiced in the possession of great riches.

"For your sake, little one, all for you! You looked regal in your jewels tonight. You shall have every desire of your heart, Olivia, mine!"

He apostrophized his new found love fervently and while he was holding out the cigar box to her father. His beautiful vision had come to him entirely unbidden. When he obeyed Olivia's urgent telegram "to come," it was solely with the good natured move of entirely sanctioning the free use of his house and the fact that contained. The little girl wrote that she would be much better satisfied if he shared the responsibility of welcoming her friends to Broxton Hall. That her father was not in entire accord with

this sentiment Tom was just finding out. But even Olivia's father was only a bit of the necessary background daubed into Tom's portrait of a lady. While the lawyer talked lugubriously of the depreciation of property in and around Mandeville Tom smoked and mused. When he had mastered a profession and was actually a lawyer in his own right, he should turn his attention toward making Broxton Hall very beautiful. Olivia had said the wall papering was too dark and so gloomy. It should be replaced by something more modern and distinctly cheerful. Then, oh, several years further on in the future, perhaps when his guardian should have taken him into full partnership—he would ask Olivia to marry him.

It had all been arranged to his entire mental satisfaction in the time it had taken them to consume their water ices, amid a lot of laughter and nonsense such as only the young and light hearted know how to intermingle with their feasting.

It seemed such an entirely proper climax to his social relations with his guardian that it would have been almost like doubting Providence to entertain the slightest fear of nonfruition.

Mr. Matthews had lingered later than the smoking of a cigar demanded. His sudden horse was changing the bit restlessly at the rack outside. It would be absurd to tell the boy what he had seen in his father's study that other night, and yet he had some compunctions about letting Tom risk a similar experience by remaining alone at the Hall. He had not been able to account for that occurrence to himself yet.

"I am sorry, Thomas, we have not a bed to offer you at the cottage," he said apologetically, but Olivia's dressmaker, up from the city, occupies our only spare room."

"Don't mention it, sir."

"You are sure you don't object to staying here by yourself tonight?"

Tom stretched his handsome eyes wide.

"Here, in my own house? Why, no, sir. Why should I? I expect to spend a great many nights here alone when I get through with college life."

"Um—yes, perhaps. I have a good deal to say to you on that subject. Tom, I hardly anticipated talking with you on it before your graduation. You know your being here is a complete surprise to me."

"Something of one to me, too, sir," said Tom, with a clear, frank laugh. "Olivia wrote me that I must come, and I fancy we all obey when she commands."

"Olivia is a spoiled child, nothing but a spoiled child," said her father, so stilly that a much daller witted man than Tom Broxton would have captured his meaning.

Tom laughed again. "I am afraid that after tonight, sir, the world will decline your definition. The chrysalis never reverts to the grub."

Mr. Matthews waved his hand impatiently. "We were speaking of yourself, Thomas. Olivia has occupied our attention to the exclusion of more important things. I presume you return to college tomorrow?"

"No, sir. That would get me back to my rooms on Friday. My leave of absence permits me to spend Sunday at home."

"Oh, it does?"

"Yes, sir. He was not unmindful of the uncorralled acceptance the idea met with."

"Well, then, there is more time for talking over affairs than I expected. Now that you are here we may as well discuss several projects which I have on foot for your benefit—Broxton Hall, for instance. Westover has taken a great fancy to it. That was one of my objects in holding the fete here. The old place put its best foot foremost to meet the Westover's house just this size. Now that his daughter Jeanne is in society they will be wanting to entertain a good deal, I presume. He is charmed with the place."

Tom flushed hotly. "Of course, sir, you told him that Broxton was not in the market."

"No, my dear boy. I told him nothing of the kind. It would have been most unwise of me to make it a rule in life never to slam a door in a man's face unless I am quite sure I am on the right side of it."

"I hope you would not advise me to sell the old place, Mr. Matthews. I might lease it for a time. I expect to make my own home here. I expect to bring my wife here. I have never thought of any other place as home."

"Leased property runs to the devil fast enough, Tom. Broxton is a needlessly large and expensive establishment for a solitary young gentleman."

"But perhaps I shall not always be solitary, sir. Men marry, you know."

This with a wistful smile and a look toward the door, where Olivia had just stepped up to the Matthews' to see how Olivia was getting on after the unusual excitement and fatigue of the day before. She rather enjoyed "mothering" the pretty thing. She was not to be gone long, and before starting she extracted a promise from her mother that she would not let her see Olivia as yet, far more remote and uncertain than the depreciation of real estate in this county and the rapid decay of this property. But we will not agitate that point further at present."

"Thank you, sir," said Tom gratefully. He was only too glad not to put himself in fencing posture at once. His guardian resumed blandly, "I have devoted every moment of my rare leisure hours, Thomas, to mapping out a plan of travel for you. In point of fact, it is a resurrected map, one that your dear father and I drew together. You will recognize his marginal notes. We had planned to go over the very ground I want you to take and after a year of travel to locate in some quiet German town for another year of supplemental study and reading. I was looking at the old map only last week. I am sure it would please my dear friend Rufus who has his son carry out our itinerary."

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When a man falls headlong from a roof, he thinks only of the hazardous character of his employment. It does not occur to him that thousands of men at sea or on land are hourly climbing to dizzy heights without a fear and without a fall, and that the real danger is not in the employment but in the weakening of the nerves and giving way of the muscles.

That danger is just as great to the man on the sidewalk or in the office as to the man on the roof. When the stomach and the organs of digestion and nutrition are diseased the blood becomes impoverished, and nerves and muscles grow weak for lack of nutrition. More fatal diseases probably begin with "weak stomach" than with any other cause. The first symptom of disordered stomach calls for prompt use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is a vegetable medicine, absolutely non-alcoholic and non-narcotic, and is unequalled for the strength it gives to blood, nerves and muscles.

"During the summer and fall of 1896," writes C. H. Seager, Esq., of Plain City, Madison Co., Ohio, "I became afflicted with 'run-down' nerves and stomach troubles. I wrote to Dr. Pierce for advice. He said I had general debility, and advised Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and I used six bottles and since I stopped taking it about three years ago, I have been able to work every day. My appetite is good, and I eat three square meals a day, and I do not feel that miserable burning in the stomach after eating."

"I think I am now well."

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with them? Oh, my poor head! Are you really going to fall me when I have so much to do?"

Tears flowed sluggishly from the eyes of old age. The fountain of that relief supply dried up quickly under the scorching fires of life's passionate years. "Mother" Spillman pressed one corner of her white kerchief to her dim eyes. Her withered bosom rose and fell convulsively. She was sobbing, whether because she was deceiving Malvina systematically and purposely as to the condition of her sprained ankle and other matters or because she was not carrying out a cherished plan very satisfactorily perhaps she scarcely knew herself. Lying back in her big chair, she lifted her lids eyes to the ceiling and frowned.

"If I could just leave Malvina entirely out of the question and think exclusively about him, I could straighten out this snarl much quicker and easier. Some of these days I'll make it all right with her. Now I've got to work for him."

The papers which Jimmy Martin had found in the garden and brought to her had disappeared again in the most mysterious manner. Either she had neglected mournfully, her memory was getting so treacherous that she could not recollect where she had originally hidden them to keep them from falling into Miss Malvina's hands or else they had been stolen from her.

She had three theories touching their disappearance, either of which was sufficient to make her feel better. Malvina had found them and neglected them. She was thinking of them to Horace Matthews without ever a word to her about the transaction, Jimmy Martin had been bought by the lawyer at an advance price over the one she had paid him to hold his tongue and had burglariously secured the package while she was asleep. Or she had herself carelessly included them among some papers she had recently destroyed.

"But I know them by heart. I could swear to every word in them if only some one would believe in me. If I'm falling so fast that I don't know a legal document from a pudding recipe, I'm grown such a witless body that a clodhopper like Jimmy Martin can overreach me. If I'm of so little importance in the world that my own daughter will make common cause with a bad man against me, the sooner I go the better."

"Mother" Spillman had not yet reached the sluggish point which comes as compensation for failure. She had not been shelled long enough to grow passive under the humiliation. During the Rev. Mr. Isham's absence she had been a power in Mandeville, and when time removed him and disabled her she yielded up her scepter reluctantly and ungracefully. She was still much given to asserting her views in defiance of large majorities, and as for contending Malvina's right to her grave inheritance, she could not bring herself to do it. In this matter of the lost papers, Malvina could never be brought to see it in the right light. She would have stoutly stood out for Matthews' rights as Tom's guardian and carried the documents when found to him.

With all the strength of affection undimmed by diffidence this stern old woman had loved the older generation of the Broxtons. Rufus Broxton, his wife and his beautiful sister, Lucetta, had all been objects of her unstinted admiration and love. As they had stood by her in the time of her sorrow and suffering, so did she solemnly swear to defend them to the last.

A further but thorough examination of the papers Jimmy Martin had found had led her to believe that they were of decided value to Tom. Whether to give them to him on the first chance meeting with him or whether to hold on to the most important ones until he came of age was the knotty point with her. One of her last instructions had been that if Horace Matthews had not been willing for them to be lost he would have made a more thorough search for them at the time of their disappearance.

The discrepancy between this view and the idea of Jimmy Martin having resold himself did not concern her in the least. The average woman does not understand the mathematics of moral dealing, and she rises superior to consistency.

The old woman sighed and peered restlessly toward the front gate. She had half a mind when Malvina had come back to tell her all about the finding and the losing of the papers, first of course, swearing to her inviolable secrecy, but she had entertained and discarded that same "half a mind" scores of times already. Malvina would just get angry with her and put on superior airs of rectitude. Malvina got angry with her every time she cast any discredit on Horace Matthews' management of Tom's affairs. He certainly was not long in coming back to the Matthews' to see how Olivia was getting on after the unusual excitement and fatigue of the day before. She rather enjoyed "mothering" the pretty thing. She was not to be gone long, and before starting she extracted a promise from her mother that she would not let her see Olivia as yet, far more remote and uncertain than the depreciation of real estate in this county and the rapid decay of this property. But we will not agitate that point further at present."

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Miss Malvina's hollyhocks and larkspurs. The old woman peered forward eagerly at sound of the gate latch.

"That ain't you back already, Malvina?"

Her hands were caught in a warm cordial clasp.

"No; it's only Tom Broxton, 'Mother' Spillman. I've stopped by to ask after your eyes. Miss Malvina tells me you have had a dreadful time with them this winter, and as if that wasn't enough to keep both of you in work, you have to go and sprain an ankle."

"Of course I do, every word of it," said Tom kindly. "But you must not talk of being laid on the shelf yet for a great many years



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## Home Department.

## GAINING WINGS.

A wife where clung two soft coons  
(like from a wisp of hair)  
And carried home to a quiet desk  
Where, long forgot, it lay.

One more I chanced to lift the lid,  
And lo! as light as air,  
A moth flew up on downy wings  
And settled above my chair!

A dainty, beautiful thing it was,  
Orange and silvery gray.  
And I marvelled from the leafy bough  
Such fairy stole away.

What the other dawn? I turned to see,  
And found it striving still  
To free itself from the swathing floss  
And save the air at will.

"Poor little prisoner!" I said,  
"You shall not struggle more!"  
And tenderly I cut the threads,  
And watched to see it soar.

A feeble chirrup  
It dropped from its silken bed;  
My hand had been the worst harm—  
The pretty moth was dead!

How have left it there to gain  
The strength that struggle brings;  
To stress and strain, with moth or man,  
That free the folded wings!

—Edna D. Proctor in Youth's Companion.

## OUR BOYS.

The age when boys are no longer  
babies, when they do not demand the  
mother's watchful care to supply their  
physical needs, or when they no longer  
require protection from dangers of which  
they are unconscious, but which are a  
 menace to not only their toddling bodies,  
but as well to their little lives, is close  
nigh to come. When the mother's love  
and watchfulness which their utter help-  
lessness elicited. The embryo man really  
needs mother's guardianship, and with  
growing pride she glories in the inde-  
pendence the youthful son manifests  
when he asserts the disposition to take  
care of himself. Then, too, it is a relief  
to be constantly on the alert for a re-  
bellious infant. When he is old enough  
to come to mother to have his  
humped head or bruised fingers treated  
by that healing remedy to the little  
man—mother's kiss, the self-care-taking  
spirit is being developed with just oc-  
casional appeals for mother's help. This  
right to the child, but needs judicious  
management. The earlier the true spirit  
of self-care is developed the sooner the  
child becomes, what the end of his crea-  
tion contemplates, a help to others.  
With touches of pathos the mother wit-  
nesses the passing of babyhood, but the  
while her heart rejoices in the vision of  
a splendid manhood. Happy and blessed  
the mother who is not disappointed.

When our boy is able to care for him-  
self he soon grows too big for mother's  
kiss or caress, at least openly. This we  
regard as the critical period of our dear  
boys. Many a time we misinter-  
pret their conduct at this age. The non-  
chalant air which we so easily pronounce  
indifferent is really a covering for a  
desire to comprehend and hence he assumes  
a manner at times amounting to insolence  
toward what he feels but can't under-  
stand. Many times this is expressed by  
diffidence. Frequently boys who gave  
promise of intellect at 6, are lag-  
gards in school at 12, and are the aggra-  
vation of many a teacher, because she  
can't comprehend, and hence does not  
trust the boy wisely, by tactfully appeal-  
ing to his manhood. We have known  
teachers who were conscious that they  
must awaken in the boy a consciousness  
of his future and as a step toward pre-  
paring him to the name of the lad of 10 or 12  
the title Mr. We have rarely known  
this to be an effective measure. It is a  
strong estimate and the boy understands  
the falsity and this is manifested by  
sneering expressions and not those of  
self-satisfaction. Each boy is an  
enigma and must be solved separately  
and not en masse.

If we were conscious of the moral  
and physical development of boys in  
their early teens, we would solemnly de-  
clare "The boy is father of the man."  
The home life does much to make or  
mar the man by the way it treats the  
boy. His individuality and personality  
must never be lost sight of; this does not  
mean that all the boy's requests and in-  
clinations must be granted or gratified.  
On the farm, the environment is such  
that sturdy independence is engendered  
from a phase of stubbornness. De-  
mands are made of the boy's time and  
strength without due consideration of  
the personnel. Tasks should be exacted  
of the child, for, if understanding is  
awakened, they are his true developers,  
teaching him the value of his own  
powers and mentality unconsciously.  
But his duties should neither be given  
nor be permitted to perform them as  
if he were a sort of machine, good for  
nothing else but doing chores and going  
errands, that are a little for naps or the  
big boys to do. If the shovel is  
needed from the barn, don't say, "Harry,  
go and get it," as if the getting of it  
were a very trivial matter; just remem-  
ber that without the shovel the task  
could not have been accomplished.

There is a way of belittling a boy that  
is unintentional on the part of elders.  
The boy is an important factor in every  
house where he dwells. Don't permit  
him to be the butt of all jests, the ob-  
ject of all teasing, the rouabout of the  
family, just because he is little. Don't  
forget that he has his intuitions of right  
and wrong, and mentally resents injus-  
tices, which he knows no better way of  
manifesting than by surliness. This  
characteristic is frequently ascribed to a

boy who later in life is famed for affa-  
bility; more wholesome environments  
have awakened his better nature and the  
disagreeable boy has become the agree-  
able man. Don't forget that the right  
appreciation of your boy he does en-  
joy. He don't want to be kissed in a  
crowd, but mother's tenderness exhib-  
ited when alone with her boy in a quiet,  
confiding chat has a power that the com-  
ing years can only reveal. All too soon  
the boy of to-day will become the man  
of affairs of to-morrow: this is a fact  
that those who have the guardianship of  
boys should remember, for the lives of  
these boys reverences or should rever-  
ence will color his future.—Mrs. Mary  
Anderson in Rural World.

## KEEPING OUR HEARTS IN TUNE.

The summer boarder snugly down  
comfortably among her multi-colored  
sofa pillows. She draws from her work-  
basket a gauzy bit of fancy work, and  
with "To Have and to Hold" under her  
arm, she reads. The sparrow, the oriole  
and the dear old friendly robin all seem  
calling to her, singing for her. The  
marvelous June days seem made espe-  
cially for her enjoyment, and she repeats  
Lowell's June rhapsody, "What is so  
rare as a day in June?" recalling its lyric  
sweetness line after line. But her host-  
ess, the farmer's wife, who is in fatal  
sympathy with the struggling crops, looks  
into the cloudless sky and sees only  
a brilliant mockery; and she sighs:

"Well, Miss Lyscome, if we don't have  
rain soon, Lowell's poem will be a dead  
letter, and you won't get any of the  
fresh berries and vegetables which we  
advertised. Tell you what, I believe  
James Russell must have written that  
piece just after a good soaking rainstorm.  
I'll wager most anything, that if the  
truth were known, he sat under his  
elms while the raindrops glittered  
down on his bare head. He was a mas-  
ter hand to take off his hat, as if in  
deference to all out-doors. One thought  
struck me so hard as you repeated that  
song of worship, that I couldn't hear  
anything else. Heaven tries the earth if  
it be in tune, if it be in tune; that's the  
key note to the music of life, keeping in  
tune with the universal harmony of  
things. Heaven tries our hearts if they  
be in tune, tries them every day, and if  
they are not keyed up to the proper  
pitch, they will not respond to the higher  
music—that's just all there is about it.  
I have a theory that sometime, some-  
where, we shall hear the key note, take  
the right chord and all join in the great  
song, "Heaven and Earth are in Har-  
mony." Too many of us poor little  
proud mortals get lost among the flats  
and sharps, and only offer negative,  
minor chords.

Sakes alive, Miss Lyscome, I've made  
an old-fashioned, sweet-apple pudding  
for you to top off with at dinner, and I  
can smell it this minute. I've got a  
sorcerer of an oven."

The summer boarder folds up her  
work, lays her book aside, and actually  
tries to summon her powers of reflection  
and concentrate her reasoning faculties.  
The practical, logical, thoughtful woman,  
the farmer's wife, whose days are  
crowded with cares, responsibilities and  
unrelenting toil, has set her guest think-  
ing: "Sometime, somewhere, we shall  
hear the key note and join the great  
song." But can we not listen and hear  
the music now, and keep our hearts in  
tune? CERESE.

Sweet Brier Summit.

## BE CHUMMY WITH YOUR GIRLS.

Mothers, if you would have your girls  
"chummy" with you, be chummy with  
them. A girl once said, "Oh, that I  
could feel free to talk with my mother."  
Another says: "I can go to a certain lady  
and tell her my feelings much better  
than I can tell my mother." For girls  
to feel this way is certainly a matter of  
no trifling importance.

In the first named instance, the girl  
once thought her mother something which  
she thought she should know, and with-  
out reason, received a reply so cold and  
indifferent, that from that day she has  
never felt free to tell her mother any-  
thing.

Is it the fault of the daughter that she  
does not confide in her mother? That  
mother's unsympathetic words and ac-  
tions still chilled the confiding love that  
she thought she should know, and with-  
out reason, received a reply so cold and  
indifferent, that from that day she has  
never felt free to tell her mother any-  
thing.

The girl was indeed very sensitive, but  
how much more careful should a mother  
be of a sensitive, tender nature entrusted  
to her care.

Do not always blame the girls if they  
are not confidential with their mothers.  
Are not the girls few who do not even  
long for a little talk with their mothers?  
A mother once said, "My girls are loving  
and obedient, but they never tell me  
anything." Dear mother, rest assured  
that at some time your girls have tried  
to confide in you and you have listened  
un sympathetically to them.

Mothers, give your daughters freedom  
to talk with you. Gain and retain their  
confidence. Talk reasonably and lovingly  
with them. Do not be cold and indif-  
ferent toward their little affairs, but sym-  
patize with them, remembering that  
they are once young yourself, and unless  
they are very headstrong, you will find  
they will gladly respond to your affec-  
tion, and you will have no reason to say  
that your girls do not tell you anything.  
Do not let them, in after years, look  
back and feel that they could not receive  
sympathy from one who is supposed to  
be their best friend.—American Grange  
Bulletin.

## WE MUST KNOW.

"I have little faith," said the late  
William Ellery Channing, "in effects  
which are not founded in truth. A false  
theology may produce infinite excite-  
ment, but the force is soon spent. Light  
is the great power." This remark di-  
rects our attention to the connection be-  
tween a knowledge of truth and right  
action. This connection, though very  
obvious, is not seen by all. Truth is  
necessary to right action in all things.

Leisure is time for doing something  
useful; the leisure the diligent man will  
obtain, but the lazy man, never; so that  
a life of leisure and a life of idleness are  
two things.—Franklin.

Genesee Pure Food Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—My mamma has been a great  
coffee drinker and has found it very inju-  
rious to her health. She has given up  
coffee, she finds it much better for herself  
and for us children to drink. She has given  
up coffee drinking entirely. We use a pack-  
age of Genesee every week. I am ten years  
old. Yours respectfully,

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Parsons Pills

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ings. Enclosed in glass vials.  
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## The Truth

about women's ills can be  
frankly told by one woman  
to another.

Remember that Mrs.  
Pinkham is a woman.

Remember that her advice  
and medicine have cured  
a million women of weak-  
nesses peculiar to their  
sex.

Remember that no man  
ever sees a letter written  
to Mrs. Pinkham for  
advice, that the letter is  
opened, read and an-  
swered by women, and  
no testimonial ever pub-  
lished without special  
permission.

Remember that Lydia E.  
Pinkham's Vegetable  
Compound is the recog-  
nized safeguard of wo-  
man's health.

Remember these things  
when some other remedy  
is suggested, and remem-  
ber them when you want  
advice. Mrs. Pinkham's  
address is Lynn, Mass.

A chemist wishes to make a certain  
chemical compound. He must know  
the laws of chemical combination in the  
case, or he cannot act rightly. Only so  
far as he knows the laws of chemistry,  
and acts in accordance with those laws,  
will he be successful. A machinist  
wishes to construct a machine, to be  
worked by water or by steam. He must  
know the laws of mechanical forces, or  
he cannot construct his machine aright.  
Knowledge of mechanical truth is ne-  
cessary to right mechanical action. A  
farmer wishes to get the best crops from  
his land. He must know the nature of  
the soil, and the modes of culture. He  
must possess agricultural knowledge in  
order to successful action. If his views  
are false, if he thinks that corn is to be  
planted in November, and buckwheat  
sown when the snow is on the ground,  
he will not succeed. So in regard to  
morals and religion. Knowledge is the  
condition of right action. A man must  
know his duty in order to do it. Sinc-  
erity in error will not change error into  
truth in religion any more than in chem-  
istry. A knowledge of the truth is  
necessary to truthful practice. Hence  
the unsoundness of the maxim, "It is  
no matter what a man believes, if his  
practice be right." A man's practice  
cannot be what it should be unless his  
belief is right.—Waverley.

## EFFECT OF ALTITUDE.

Perhaps in no state of the Union has  
climate so much to do with the character  
of the people as in Colorado, is the con-  
tention of a writer in *Ainslee's*. He says  
in part:

"Go into Colorado; climb the long  
ascend from the level of the Missouri,  
and then as you emerge from the train  
into the handsomely improved streets,  
and among the unsurpassed brick and  
stone residences of Denver, feel your  
head swim with the lofty altitude and  
the rarefied air; then realize that the  
miners went on a mile further into the  
air, that they are working and taking  
out millions of dollars of gold to the  
present day a mile higher in the air, at  
Cripple Creek, at Leadville and a dozen  
other places; it will make you pause to  
think what exaltation there is in dwell-  
ing there always, what staying powers  
the pioneers must have had. Wait a  
day or so, until the vertigo has passed  
away, and the exhilaration comes to you  
that always comes when you have  
climbed a mountain and stood upon its  
top and gazed out over a wide world  
that expands below you; then you will  
begin to feel that electric, that nervous  
surcharge, that indomitable, undiscer-  
nable, almost towering spirit of elevation  
and still further elevation that  
makes Colorado almost the liveliest,  
most irrepressible, the most determined  
element in the American body, social  
and political."

## HELPFUL THOUGHTS.

Says Hafiz, the Persian poet: "This  
is the sun, when one door opens another  
closes." Somehow I would have liked  
his sentence better if he had turned it  
around: This is the sun, when one  
door closes another opens. When we  
lose one source of happiness another is  
waiting to come in. We go through life  
listening to the sound of shutting doors  
behind us. Not long should we stop to  
listen. In front of us the gates are ajar.  
The last gate is of pearl and very beauti-  
ful.

Think how much yet remains to be  
done in the thirty, twenty, yes, even in  
the ten years, or perhaps in the one year,  
perhaps even in the one day that re-  
mains to us. Despair it not, neglect it  
not; cherish, enlarge, improve this vast,  
this inestimable gift, whilst it is granted  
to us with its endless opportunities, with  
its boundless capacities, with its glori-  
ous hopes, with its indispensable calls,  
with its immense results, with its rare  
chances of improvement even for the  
humblest and weakest among us.—Dean  
Stanley.

Leisure is time for doing something  
useful; the leisure the diligent man will  
obtain, but the lazy man, never; so that  
a life of leisure and a life of idleness are  
two things.—Franklin.

Genesee Pure Food Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—My mamma has been a great  
coffee drinker and has found it very inju-  
rious to her health. She has given up  
coffee, she finds it much better for herself  
and for us children to drink. She has given  
up coffee drinking entirely. We use a pack-  
age of Genesee every week. I am ten years  
old. Yours respectfully,

FRANKIE WILLIAMS.

Parsons Pills

ONE PILL IS A DOSE

They make new, rich blood, prevent  
dyspepsia, cure skin eruptions and bleed-  
ings. Enclosed in glass vials.  
Postpaid—25 cents a bottle;  
\$1.00 for six.

L. S. JOHNSON & COMPANY,

Boston, Mass.

## Young Folks.

## THE INVINCIBLES.

With a uniform gay and a laugh that is glad  
There comes every morning a brave little lad  
To wake the alarm clock which lags by the  
way  
And tell the whole house of the breaking of  
day.

The tune that he plays is the favorite 'mongst  
boys,  
A small share of rhythm and plenty of noise:  
He starts the dog and surprises the cat  
As he plays on his drum, Major Ratatostat.

And following close with a faithful refrain  
Is the brother who whistles with might and  
with main

On his life made of tin. And the tumult  
which falls  
On our ears is enough to shake Jericho's  
walls.

He has never a fear as he hastens to the fray,  
Where 'mid pillowed trenchments his sire  
waits the day.

And vainly beseeches and begs him to be mute.  
Entrances can't move Captain Rootootootoot.

They ask no assistance, these officers fine,  
But play their own music when they are in  
line.

They are veterans bold. It is useless to scold.  
The enemy's weakness they've tested of old.  
In case of repulse fortune can't go amiss,  
For annuity straight is obtained by a kiss.  
So you may as well yield when you hear the  
salute  
Of Ratatostat and Rootootootoot.

—Washington Star.

## HONEST AND EARNEST.

"Can I rake up de leaves in your front  
yard, auntie?" asked five-year-old Ralph  
one autumn afternoon; and when Aunt  
Sue said "Yes," Ralph, with his little  
wheelbarrow and rake, worked busily  
till dusk. And the happy smile on his  
face when he received the big ginger  
cookie, and was called a busy little work-  
er, was good to see.

"Can I haul in your kindling wood  
and clean the yard all up?" said seven-  
year-old Ralph, standing at the back  
door with his small express cart. And  
Aunt Sue, who had been looking long  
for a big boy, was only too willing to  
give the job to her little industrious  
nephew. And the pennies that went  
into the back that night jingled merrily.

"Can I rake your lawn and untie your  
rose bushes?" asked ten-year-old Ralph  
one warm spring day; and Aunt Sue,  
who had learned to know a good work-  
man, consented willingly and felt that  
the money paid was well earned.

"If you will haul away all the old rags,  
bottles, and rubbers, stored away in the  
shed, Ralph," said auntie two years  
later, "you may sell them 'on halves';"  
and Ralph, delighted to be busy, worked  
all the forenoon, and the money earned  
went towards his new shoes.

"Do you want your paths shoveled,  
sir?" asked Ralph the next winter of Mr.  
Brown, who had all along watched the in-  
dustrious little fellow, and he consented,  
knowing the job would be well done.  
And Ralph's wet mitten closed that  
night over a bright new quarter.

"I want a boy, Mrs. Wayne," said Mr.  
Brown a year later, "to do chores at my  
office between school hours, and I know  
Ralph is the one, because he is industri-  
ous and honest." And Ralph's business  
kept him in clothes all winter.

"I want a young man in my office, at  
my books," said Mr. Brown to Ralph,  
when he finished his school; "and you,  
Ralph, have done what has been given  
you so well that the place is yours, if  
you wish it." And Ralph's heart was  
light, as he went home that night.

"I want an overseer in the best room  
of my manufactory," said Mr. Brown, as  
Ralph turned twenty-one, "and as I have  
found I can trust you and your industry,  
will you take the situation?"

"I want a partner in my business,  
Ralph," said Mr. Brown some years  
later. "I am getting on in years, and I  
need a steady, honest, industrious hand  
and head to consult with. Will you  
come to my counting room and talk it  
over?"

It is the honest and earnest who get to  
the top, boys.



